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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1914

Mayor Lashes Gangsters

THE Mayor's message is a record of constructive achievement. It reveals him as the same old "War Horse of Reform," a man shot through and through with sincerity of purpose and determination, despite the captious opposition of Councils, to give this city good government. Of the many achievements of the administration during 1913, the most important by far was the reaching of an agreement for the abolition of grade crossings in South Philadelphia, which means the certain and rapid completion of the Belt Line system and the resultant improvement of port facilities. It also presages a new era of development in South Philadelphia. The sale of 4 per cent. bonds at par over the counter was a distinct triumph for the Mayor, as few financiers had any idea, in view of the money market, that the venture could be successful.

The Mayor very properly calls attention to the obstructionist policy pursued by Councils. It might be supposed that representatives of the people of this city would be anxious to serve it. Not so; there is another lash before which they cringe. They know as well as the Mayor does that the assessment of real estate is unjust and inequitable. The whole mass of the people will understand that situation and the reasons for it a little better later on. But the refusal of Councils to put the city's finances on a business basis is merely a temporary aberration. It has been demonstrated in the last few days that there is a power in the community greater than the coterie of bosses.

That the Mayor is inclined to be irritable at times is not remarkable. But he need have no fear of what the public thinks. It long ago analyzed the situation and intelligent men know that the administration has "made good."

Money and a Champion for Transit

MR. CONNELLY, chairman of the Finance Committee of Councils, speaking with great earnestness, told yesterday how anxious he was to further the plans for rapid transit and how glad he would be if the initial appropriation could be made one or two millions of dollars instead of half a million. This is very interesting in view of the fact that the urgency of the appropriation was quite as obvious last week as this week, yet the committee over which Mr. Connelly presides was at that time quite convinced that no money whatever for transit could be found. It is a good thing for the community that Mr. Connelly's desires and purposes are so susceptible of change. It may be a good augury.

The important fact is that a beginning of work is in sight. It would be too much to expect that the obstructionists are completely routed. Their pessimistic voices will be heard again. But the storm of popular protest which so quickly caused the Finance Committee to change its mind and converted the chairman of that body, as it were, overnight is at once a warning and a threat to statesmen who imagine that the public will be meek in a matter of such vital importance as rapid transit.

Within Hearing of the School Bell

THIS is the month when school begins. The public statement that the "niggardliness and indolence" of farmers stand in the way of the centralization of rural schools is a reminder that the institution known as "the little red schoolhouse" has not yet been extinguished. It would be much fairer and much nearer correct to assign a different reason for its perpetuation.

The Anglo-Saxon love of local self-government bears some relation to this matter. Englishmen and Americans have always insisted on having their courts easily accessible, geographically and otherwise. Similarly there is in the country places of America a strong desire that the school bell shall be within hearing distance, or almost. It is the Anglo-Saxon disposition to feel most secure in the possession of democratic institutions when they are close at hand. The consolidation of rural schools is going rapidly forward, but it is necessarily subject to limitation by local pride, local ambition and the sense of local integrity.

Other causes help retard the process of centralizing rural schools. It is natural that fathers and mothers should wish to keep their children near home. Where the consolidated school draws its pupils from a large area, many of the children must be away from home from early morning till late afternoon. It is a significant fact that one of the most common complaints of school administrators and teachers is that the schools are nowadays forced to assume too many parental duties.

Expose the Last Pretense

WHAT virile Republican leadership exists in Washington is against Penroseism. Borah, Clapp, Cummins and men of their type make no secret of their opposition. They are close to national sentiment; they sense the verdict of 1916 if Penroseism is indorsed by Pennsylvania.

The proposed Senatorial investigation of the primary campaign expenses of Mr. Penrose would be futile. The mercenary character of the Organization in this State and its willingness to squander funds to accomplish its purposes are well known. The nation does not need to be taught now the secrets of Penroseism. It understands them.

There is but one pretense left to be exposed. Mr. Penrose is capitalizing protection. He is using it as a mantle to cover up the real Penroseism. He is posing as the one champion who can restore economic sanity in national affairs. The position constitutes the only strength left in his candidacy, except that which comes from the Organization, and this, of itself, would be insufficient to bring him success. He has a chance of election so long as he can delude business men into believing that their business will be ruined unless he is sent back to Washington. Once let them apprehend the fact that Penroseism is the paralysis which has seized on the Republican party and his whole political structure will crumble. A Penrose victory in November would be for the Republican party another march of Napoleon to Moscow.

Fished for a Minnow: Caught a Whale

THE attempt to picture Doctor Brumbaugh as a creature of the plunder-loving Organization would be more likely to succeed had not the candidate demonstrated his independence and his abhorrence of a bit on dozens of different occasions. He has not traveled in another man's harness at any time. He has, on the contrary, given repeated evidence of his ability to dominate any situation which arises. Within the year he stood like a Gibraltar when the Organization attempted to foist its man on the schools of Philadelphia.

The truth is that in fishing for a respectable but easy candidate the politicians were outmaneuvered. They landed a whale by mistake. It was not their fault. Before they knew it public opinion had centred on the schoolmaster, and there was no political association in Pennsylvania that could wrench the nomination from him.

At Pittsburgh, Doctor Brumbaugh swept the ready-made platform out of his way and announced that his pre-primary platform was his platform, that he was dedicated to it and would stick. He has stuck. He knows what he stands for and the public knows. Doctor Brumbaugh is used to giving orders, not to taking them. It will be a sad day for gangsters in Harrisburg if any of them attempt to tell this high-minded gentleman what he must do. The truth is that the people at last have a candidate of their own on the ticket: a man of flesh and blood, of character and determination. A vote for Brumbaugh is a vote against the Organization, and so his term in office will prove.

Do Not Trust Him

LAURENCE STERNE wrote "Tristram Shandy." He also wrote some sermons. In one of them, the 27th, he said: TRUST THAT MAN IN NOTHING WHO HAS NOT A CONSCIENCE IN EVERYTHING.

A Victim History Will Celebrate

BELGIUM has been badly treated; there is no doubt of that. It was her misfortune to lie between two giants who spent their nights and days making ready for battle. If there is any glory in war, any acknowledgment by posterity of the heroism of a people who consecrated themselves against fearful odds to the defense of their homes and firesides, the Belgians will find ample recompense in history for all that they have dared and suffered. But however great the sympathy of ordinary citizens in this nation may be for this vicarious sovereign victim, it is obviously not proper for the United States Government to inject itself into the situation. Final judgment will be rendered in the future, when the minds of men are not swayed by passion and prejudice. Yet the President very aptly expressed the feelings of his countrymen when he assured the Belgian Commissioners of the lasting sympathy of the United States.

Compensation Should Be Quick

FOUR years ago a railroad brakeman in this city was injured in the discharge of his duties. He lost his right arm and his right leg as a result. He sued for compensation and a jury gave him an award of $19,000, but the brakeman has not yet received a penny of this sum. Instead, he has been spending money for four years to get it, and will have to spend more now that the last Court in which the case was tried has thrown out his claim on a technicality.

Under a Workmen's Compensation Act this man's case—no isolated one in Pennsylvania—would probably have been settled inside of a month, and the claimant for compensation would have received his money the very same day the Commission finally adjudicated his case. He might not have received so large a sum as the jury awarded him, but he would have got adequate compensation promptly and at no expense.

New York, Ohio and 21 other States in the Union have Workmen's Compensation Acts in force. They have not always worked satisfactorily, but certainly some method of hastening final verdicts is necessary.

All the British soldiers are being vaccinated against typhoid and smallpox before going to the front. It might also be a good idea to shoot each of them with a small-calibred rifle in order to protect them from the guns of the enemy.

There was never any reason why the Army and Navy game should be played in any other place than Philadelphia. Constant bickering in the matter does neither institution any good and it may seriously impair interest in the games.

The cheering news comes that Mr. Bryan has effected treaties with sufficient powers to insure peace with two-thirds of the world. In the same paper we read that those 16-inch has effected treaties with sufficient Powers to be placed.

Judging from the talk among the allies as to the terms upon which they will permit Germany to sue for peace, it is evident that they have overlooked the dangers attending a pre-incubation enumeration of young poultry.

Those who have been contending all along that the influence of the East is felt over the country will find confirmation of their views in the market reports that since the war bread is rising everywhere.

It is reported that the Russian General Rennenkampff wants to make a name for himself in this war. But the one he has would seem enough for ordinary circumstances.

Reports from Berlin are to the effect that the German outlook is still favorable. Nothing like being able to see the cloud's silver lining.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, is on duty guarding a bridge in Vienna—a regular bridge, not a violin bridge.

The war tax revenue bill is loaded with dynamite. New taxes seldom pay politically.

It is not surprising that the cutting into the "pork" barrel should elicit loud squeals.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

PRINCE is dead. He had a home of which any gentleman would have been proud, but he was a dog of wandering habits. The wanderlust had him in its grip, and so he strayed from his fireside to the Bryn Mawr Polo Club grounds—for a couple of years, at least. He would happen along, like the dawn of a new day, and stay for a week or two. Then he would disappear. A fortnight later saw him at the club once more, and so after a while he became a fixture and a favorite.

The other day he came again, after an unusually long absence. He wagged his tail in greeting, shivered as with the cold and gave up his canine ghost. They took his mortal remains to a little knoll near the Haverford avenue side and buried him.

And to the credit of some of the club members be it said that on the cheeks of at least two of them tears rolled down for an old friend—devoid of hate and sham and envy, and all the other frailties which make human beings human.

YOU have never heard of Newsum, for he resides in Nashville, but he is a living example of the hustle and enterprise of the new South. Newsum—whose other name is unknown to fame—deals in automobile tires. When the war broke out and the cotton planters were unable to market their staple for ready cash, Newsum grasped opportunity by the forelock, swung himself into the metaphorical saddle and rode to financial victory.

How? By simply accepting warehouse receipts for cotton as an equivalent for cash. And as a result of his faith in human nature he placed $100,000 new business on his books in a few weeks. Now he is advertising for another $100,000 in the way of trade, and from indications he will get it.

All of which may be a hint to our local manufacturers.

FROM Ostend comes a letter detailing a bit of war history which makes intercsting reading, though utterly devoid of gore. An American and his wife were visiting the famed resort when the war broke out. Checks, letters of credit, even Belgian bank notes were refused in payment of debt. The American had just eight francs in gold, and hunger was staring him and his mate in the face—as well as the onrushing Germans. Down the beach they wandered, disconsolately. Soon they came face to face with the brightly lighted Kursaal, where roulette and rouge et noir were in vogue. So they decided to risk their all in one desperate tussle with luck.

But the sign "Admission five francs" faced them. The wife dug deep down in her pocketbook and fished out a five-franc piece, placed there for eventualities. They went in and placed their eight francs on No. 28.

They received 35 to one for their money and lived on the gambled fortune until they could get out of the war zone.

THERE is every likelihood that Robert Strawbridge, well known as a member of the Radnor Hunt Club and as a polo player of pre-eminence, will be re-elected master of hounds of the Hare and Hounds Club in England, although he has still part of his second year to serve in this capacity.

To be master of hounds of a British hunt club is an honor not understood in this country. Any American can be president, for the constitution says so, but few Americans are called to be master of hounds. And yet Mr. Strawbridge accomplished this with a few years of transmigratory residence of the British Isles by gentlemanly courtesy, good-fellowship and, perchance, his American air of independence.

TIME was when Americans were not welcome in England. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor and owner of the London Daily Express, born in this country, had that experience when he went to London to become editor of the London edition of the New York Herald. He fought the good fight and won, and now he is a power in British politics and journalism.

WHICH recalls that American idioms were not known in Britain, either. An American newspaperman wrote an item alleging that a certain Briton had a "swelled head." Within six hours the office was deluged with learned epistles, quoting Lindley Murray and all the other grammarians, to the effect that it should have been "swollen head."

Since then England has made satisfactory progress in the gentle art of using slang.

THEY sat in a roof garden atop one of our hotels, discussing and cussing the war and its effects on trade. The German waiter, Louis, brought the check for the luncheon.

"Louis," said one of the party, "you must have gathered enough gossip during your many years of waiting to write an interesting book?"

"I know enuf to write a book," responded Louis, "bud I know also too much to write one."

BRADFORD.

FRANCE'S CALL TO ARMS

Since the French troops entered Alsace and Lorraine, Paris has been rejoicing in the prospective return of the Lost Provinces. A picture, entitled "After Forty Years," and visualizing the reunion by showing an Alsatian demoiselle dancing with a French soldier, has been scattered broadcast on postcards. London Punch has observed the occasion in these verses:

Guns of Verdun

Guns of Verdun point to Metz
From the plated parapets;
Guns of Metz grin back again
O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and gray
Growling through a summer day;
Guns of Verdun, gray and long,
Boom an echo of their song.

Guns of Metz to Verdun roar,
"Sisters, you shall foot the score";
Guns of Verdun say to Metz,
"Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?"
Guns of Verdun answer then,
"Sisters, when to guard Lorraine
Gunners lay you East again!"

CURIOSITY SHOP

The well-known phrase, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" is said to have originated 40 years ago in a medical college in the Middle West. It is related that a student, William Patterson, was blindfolded while being hazed, his head placed on a block and the block struck with an axe. When the hazers sought to raise Patterson, they found that the shock had killed him. The students were placed under arrest and the question of "Who struck Billy Patterson?" arose and has remained with us ever since.

Black, as an adjective applied to historic events, dates back many centuries. Black Monday was first applied to Monday, March 30, 1360, when the Irish fell upon the English at Cullen's Wood, near Dublin, and massacred men, women and children. Easter Monday, April 14, 1360, was a Black Monday for Edward III and his army, encamped before Paris. Thousands of his men died from cold and hunger. His son, Edward, Prince of Wales, was nicknamed the Black Prince, "by terror of his arms," according to Froissart. Black Saturday fell on August 4, 1621, on which day the Scottish Parliament admitted Episcopalian customs into the Presbyterian Church. During the passage of the act, a violent storm darkened the heavens, seemingly as a mark of Divine displeasure, so the historians say.

Mrs. Partington and her historic mop really existed. She lived at Sidmouth, Devonshire, England. In November, 1824, a heavy gale drove the sea waves into her house and she labored with a mop to wash them back into the ocean until she was driven into the upper story by the water.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

Poetry

We had decided to write a serial poem on autumn—its etherial beauty—its delights—its—anyway, we had decided. Just then a committee of long suffering and patient hoi polloi waited upon us—they did not wait over long (comma) however. They convinced us against our will, but convinced us, nevertheless, that poems on autumn, even as on spring, are de trop, causing ennui, are conducive to migraine and not a bit gemuethlich. So we decided to stow away our rhyming dictionary for use when balmy garlic no longer scents the evening air and the little birds no longer chirp sweet nothings, and then—b'gosh—we'll write a poem on

BEAUTIFUL SNOW!

An Arabian Nightmare

King Solomon, for it was none other, faced them boldly. Even as the sands of the sea, or the chorus of a comic opera, they advanced. Throwing their collective arms about the King's neck, they chanted in chorus, sopranos, mezzos, altos and the voiceless—

"We need some clothes to go down to the shore, and the icebox is leaking and the rent is due."

And Solomon, wise in his generation—for only a sage could explain a late home-coming to a thousand wives at once—went to the nearest street corner, and rubbing the magic lamp, summoned the genii.

"Get me an aeroplane," he demanded.

"But, your kingship, they haven't been invented as yet," explained the genii, "but I've got something just as good." And he produced the magic carpet.

And Solomon, gripping his whiskers firmly, was whizzed away to Reno, where he instituted 1000—count 'em—1000 synchronized divorce suits and lived happily ever after.

Specifications Requested

The Boston Globe asks whether a man can really love his neighbor as himself. Do you mean the blonde next door, dear Globe, or the auburn-tinted Venus across the way?

The Other Way About

First Stenographer—"Out of job, are you? Did the boss catch you flirting?"

Second Ditto—"No, I caught the boss that way. You must come to our wedding, dear."—Brooklyn Eagle.

But George Fred Resigned

One fancies that Turkish Ambassador Rustam Bey is the George Fred Williams of his country.—Chicago News.

Bill's Watch

Bill Bowhay is a jolly wight,
He loves his little joke;
Says he: "My watch is water-tight,
It's often been in soak."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

If Billy were a German now
He'd show up good and fine,
His timepiece would most surely be
A "Watch upon the Rhine."
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

In Extremis

"Excuse me," sir," said the strap-hanger, "but would you mind moving your portmanteau from the gangway? I really can hardly find room to stand."

"Move my portmanteau," gasped the stranger: "those, sir, are my feet!"

"Is that so?" said Jenkins, "then perhaps you would pile them one above the other?"—Western Mail.

All Right, Have It Your Own Way

Young hubby has an awful ache,
With pain his tummy's rent;
His wife baked bread, and by mistake
For flour she used cement.
—Wapakoneta, O., News.

Fully Recovered Evidently

"She was completely prostrated and made very ill by his perfidy."

"Did she recover?"

"Yes, $5000."—Boston Transcript.

What Lacked Buttons

An English colonel at kit inspection said to Private Flanigan:

"Hh! Yes, shirts, socks, flannels, all very good. Now can you assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?"

"No, sir," said Private Flanigan, hesitatingly.

"How's that, sir?"

"Aren't no buttons on the towels, sir."—Kansas City Star.

Dangers of a Great City

REV. ALLEN VISITS
BUFFALO AND FALLS

—Headline in Dunkirk, N. Y. exchange.

Slander Refuted

Recent events cast a shade of doubt on Mr. Kipling's remark as to the comparative deadliness of the male and the female of the species.—Chicago Herald.

Exclusive!

Somewhere the following verse was published—somewhere a poet's heart will bleed because no credit can be given—we have forgotten from which paper we clipped this:

If liars cannot go on high,
I'll be real lonesome when I die;
It will be tiresome up there, gee!
With no one but T. R. and Me.

Argument Closed

Jackson and Johnson are not now on speaking terms. It all arose as the result of an argument which required some mental calculation.

"I tell you," said Jackson, "that you are altogether wrong in your conclusions."

"Pardon me, but I am not," replied Johnson.

"Didn't I go to school, stupid?" almost roared his opponent.

"Yes," was the calm reply, "and you came back stupid."—Tit-Bits.

THE ROAD

This is to you like any old road,
A byway old and gray, that naught redeems,
Past common hedgerows slipping, on its way
Across dull meadowlands, o'er winding streams.

But hear what this road is to me, my friend,
Lost in the blue of distances, afar.
It is a way of dreams, that does not end,
This side the farthest star.

The meadow bridge, the distant steeple tall,
The wooded slope, where shifting shadows lie,
Like loyal friends, across the years still call,
To whisper memories of the days gone by.

What garnered glories have the sunsets flung
Upon the canvas of the mist-draped West!
What treasured incense twilight's censer swung
Across the fields of rest!

Oh, tell me, where, in all the wide, wide world,
Aeolus tunes his harp to softer song
Than threads these trees, when darkness is unfurled,
And all is hushed, the shadowy hills among?

* * * * * * *

Oh, friend! to me, this old, forsaken road,
With all its wistful windings o'er the sod,
Is just a misty ladder to the stars—
A way of still, white dreams, that leads to God.

—Essie Phelps Duffy, in the Youth's Companion.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

WHEN some of us read a few weeks ago of an archery tournament at the Merion Cricket Club, at Haverford, we looked upon it as a revival of a sport which we had connected with Robin Hood's days. Probably few Philadelphians were aware that this city took a prominent part in archery, 90 years ago, and that so much of the pastime as has gained a foothold in this country is directly traceable to the efforts made here at that time.

I believe it would be safe to say that not a dozen Philadelphians ever have heard of the United Bowmen of Philadelphia; or, if they have, have promptly forgotten it.

I confess that the story of the United Bowmen would never have been known to me had it not been my fortune to stray upon a little volume entitled "Archer's Manual," which was published in 1830, during one of my visits to an old book store. It is an interesting little brochure and I valued it also because of its frontispiece showing the Bowmen on the butts, in the quaint costume which had been designed for them by Titian Peale, an artist who was the founder of the organization, the plate had been drawn by Thomas Sully, the portrait painter, who also became one of the founders.

Whenever you want to know something of the history of the city, as every good Philadelphian should, you hasten to consult the pages of Scharff & Westcott's History, and Watson's Annals. Being a Philadelphian and having this habit fully developed I did the same when I desired to look up the United Bowmen. But I did not find anything in either of these works.

Yet I was curious and continued my search and was rewarded by uncovering a little history of this ancient society of archers.

This pamphlet was penned by the survivor of the little band of bowmen, R. B. Davidson, who died in 1888, at the age of 80 years, and who realizing that he held the key to the mystery, told the story of the rise of the association.

It was a rather ambitious name with which to start an organization of half a dozen enthusiasts. It also seemed equally ambitious for them to adopt a costume for the purpose, but they did.

And it all came to pass just because Titian Peale felt a tightening of the chest after his return from the Rocky Mountains on Long's expedition, and felt the need of exercise before breakfast.

Titian Peale was the fourth son of the first great American portrait painter, Charles Willson Peale, and although himself a draughtsman and a naturalist, he was not generally regarded as a painter, yet, of course, he could paint.

Peale accompanied Long's expedition in the early part of the last century to explore the Rocky Mountains in our then recently taken over Louisiana territory. He died in 1885 at the age of 85 years, but some years before his death he gave the history of the formation of the Bowmen to Mr. Davidson.

I need not quote him further than to give his explanation of the genesis of the archers here, and the introduction of archery into this country.

"In 1825," he wrote, "after returning from Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains and feeling the want of outdoor exercise and disliking billiards, tenpins, etc., a few friends joined in choosing archery before breakfast and a walk in the country."

The friends who became the first members and founders of the United Bowmen were Franklin Peale, Titian R. Peale, Dr. Robert E. Griffith, Samuel P. Griffith, Jr., Jacob G. Morris and Thomas Sully. It appears that Sully, who at that time was almost at his height as a painter, did not take a very active part. He did take the walks in the country, for the country was much nearer the center of the city than it is today.

This will be better understood when I tell you that the Bowmen held their first tournaments, if they may be so-called, at Bush Hill, where they set up their butts. Bush Hill was close to the city hospital, and the archers may be said to have congregated for their sport in the neighborhood of 20th street and Fairmount avenue. There is not much to suggest open country in that neighborhood now. But this was in 1828, when Peale had his Bowmen organized.

I should mention that they did not hold tournaments under that name, but had their "field days." The costume, as can be seen by Sully's picture of the field day uniform, was rather prepossessing, but looked a great deal like a boy's suit of the period that had reached full growth.

This uniform consisted of a light sporting cap of black bombazine, an iron gray jacket bound with black braid, and white pantaloons. Thus were the United Bowmen attired on field days and prize days, as they called the days when the archers shot for prizes.

You can imagine that this was a rather exclusive circle. Only friends of the founders were likely to apply for admission, and while the number was gradually increased, at no time did it contain more than 25 members.

In 1836 they changed their uniform again. This time they abandoned all suggestion of boyhood in the design. The new costume consisted of a single-breasted frock coat with standing collar of drapd'ete, Lincoln green in color, evidently in honor of the great archer, Robin Hood, and this coat was trimmed with gold lace, so you see they must have made a very pretty picture when they were all out on a field day at Bush Hill.

An arrow worked in gold adorned the collar of the coat, and a straw hat covered with green cloth, turned up saucily at one side "with three ostrich feathers couchant" formed a fitting capital to a noble figure. The remainder of the costume included white pantaloons, guard and belt of black leather and a gold buckle.

The rapid extension of the city caused the club to change its grounds every few years. They at one time rented a farm at Fountain Green, at another they had grounds at Nicetown, and finally at Camac's woods. Dr. William Camac was the last member admitted, and he was elected in 1855. About the time of the Civil War the Bowmen virtually ceased to exist, but their example encouraged archery in this country, and it has been carried on here and there until the present day, although we have heard little about it.

But this is not the only sport that Philadelphia was the first to foster. That sounds like a promise, and perhaps it is.

GRANVILLE.

A New Internationalism

From the Boston Herald.

The most overrated virtue in the world is patriotism. It can be developed to excess. There is a higher loyalty than to the other people of one's own land, and that is loyalty to all mankind. We owe something, in peace and in war, to the spirit of a broad humanity, or to those forces and influences which make for a better understanding of the other fellow, and a clearer perception of his rights and feelings and interests.

Narrowness of national feeling is the cause fundamental of all wars. No officeholder or aspirant for public favor wants the task of telling his countrymen that they are wrong and that the foreigner is right. It is an unpopular assignment. The few men who bravely assume it deserve encouragement. So great is the disfavor engendered in taking the other nation's cause, like that of Spain in 1898 or Mexico in 1846, that nobody is likely to do it unless very strongly convinced that duty leaves him no other alternative.

VIEWS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—As a citizen of Pennsylvania, although absent in the South for several weeks, I am interested in the progress of affairs at home. I note with some disgust and more indignation the insincere and hypocritical position of the political leaders and newspapers supporting the policy of "County Option."

County option in Pennsylvania would take from every city, borough and township outside Philadelphia, which is a county by itself, the right to decide by will of the majority the policy to be pursued in regulating liquor licenses. In countries where the rural population exceeds the urban, it would take from the centre and give to the outlying sections the control. If in Pennsylvania the Prohibitionists could secure 51 per cent. of the vote in favor of State prohibition, they would deny to the other 49 per cent. the right of home rule.

After pointing out the demoralization which attempted prohibition would work in Philadelphia, a writer says that there is less drunkenness in New Orleans, with a liquor license to every 250 people, than in Philadelphia, where there is one to every 750, and that in five weeks he has not seen a score of drunken men in the Southern city. As for Portland, Me., where prohibition prevails, it is notorious for drunkenness.

My experience teaches me that the advocates of local option and prohibition are sadly mistaken, and yet I recognize and would, if possible, eradicate the excesses and evils associated with the reckless sale and use of alcoholic liquors.

GEORGE MULLER.

New Orleans, September 10, 1914.

ANTITYPHOID VACCINE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—The experience of the American army in the practically total abolition of typhoid fever among our soldiers by the use of the antityphoid vaccine finds a striking confirmation in the British army in India. In the British Medical Journal of August 22 is an official appeal by the British War Office for the use of this protective vaccination, in which it is stated that though its use is only voluntary, "at least 93 per cent. of the British garrison of India has been protected by inoculation, and typhoid fever, which used to cost us from 300 to 600 deaths annually, was last year responsible for less than 20 deaths."

M. D.

Philadelphia, September 15, 1914.

FROM THE BANKERS VIEWPOINT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—We wish to congratulate the publishers of the PUBLIC LEDGER on the new evening edition. An evening paper of the PUBLIC LEDGER quality is a great addition to Philadelphia's news service.

We presume that when the exchanges are again open we shall see a financial page in keeping with the same department of the morning edition. This will make a great hit with the bankers, brokers and their clients. This city has never had a full and accurate report of bond and stock transaction (particularly the former) in an evening newspaper.

With best wishes for the success of your newest enterprise, we are,

USSING, SCOVILLE & CO.

Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

WELCOMES EVENING LEDGER

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—If the spirit of the little article from the Evening Bulletin entitled "A New Evening Contemporary," and reprinted in the first edition of the Evening Ledger, September 14, is to be taken in good faith, then we should feel that at least more than one great evening newspaper can go in Philadelphia, especially when such a journal as the Bulletin welcomes as it does the Evening Ledger.

I also beg to tender my humble congratulations and good wishes for your success.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Philadelphia, September 16, 1914.

COMMENDS OPPOSITION TO PENROSE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir,—I desire to commend your course in opposing the nomination of Senator Penrose for re-election. The sentiment in this part of the country is running very strong against Mr. Penrose, and a paper like yours can help it out, and if the sentiment grows there as it is here, it certainly would result in his defeat.

ROBERT RITCHIE.

Beaver, Pa., Sept. 15, 1914.

FROM A POLICE CAPTAIN

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—You have my best wishes for success. I have greatly enjoyed the first issues of the Evening Ledger.

WM. J. McFADDEN,
(Capt. Fifth Division Police Department).

September 16, 1914.

THE FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Permit me to compliment you upon the excellent showing made by your financial department. I notice several articles in tonight's Evening Ledger which do not appear in other evening newspapers. If you expect to gain the confidence of the brokers, it is necessary to not only print more news than is the custom, but have the papers on sale with market closings in time for bankers and brokers when they leave their offices. Thus far, I may say the work has been excellent.

PHILADELPHIA BROKER.

Devon, September 16, 1914.

THANKS FROM NEW JERSEY

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Thank goodness, Camden is represented at last! Philadelphia newspapers treat our city about the same as the New York newspapers treat Brooklyn. I see that the news is printed in the Evening Ledger, and I can assure you that the people of New Jersey will read your paper if you continue to let us know what is happening over here during the hours we are at work in Philadelphia.

J. H. McD.

Camden, N. J., August 16, 1914.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

There is no assurance as yet that the mine owners in Colorado will meet the President and the labor leaders half-way. Thus far they have shown no willingness to concede anything in the interest of peace. When they see the Federal troops moving out of their camps they may feel differently.—New York World.

What is the prime and fundamental fact of this plan (for a truce in Colorado)? It is that a gentleman's agreement shall be substituted for the protection of the State to which both men and owners are entitled, and that it shall be enforced by the personal skill and power of the President of the United States, operating through an extra-legal device, and ignoring that government of laws and not of men that was so dear to our ancestors.—New York Sun.

The Western Powers, including the United States, are not all likely to admit Turkey's right to repudiate her treaty engagements. The performance of the Turkish Government bears all the earmarks of an international indecency. If the Turks persist they must expect a day of reckoning. It may not be convenient to insist upon it at once, but in time it will be made.—Chicago Herald.

The New Hampshire Bull Moose indorsement of Senator Gallinger merely proves how meaningless is the official designation of Colonel Roosevelt's party. The adjective "progressive" applied to Mr. Gallinger is little the short of ridiculous.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is perfectly proper that Great Britain should try to capture Germany's foreign trade while the manufacture of goods is interrupted and the ways of sea-borne commerce are blocked by war, but it is questionable if the British appropriation of German patents is entirely consistent with fair fighting in the war of trade.—Boston Herald.